The Lore Issue

Volume 34
Issue 3

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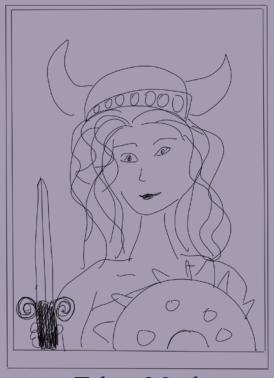

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Printed by University of Oregon Printing & Mailing Services
The University of Oregon's student run arts and culture magazine since 1989.
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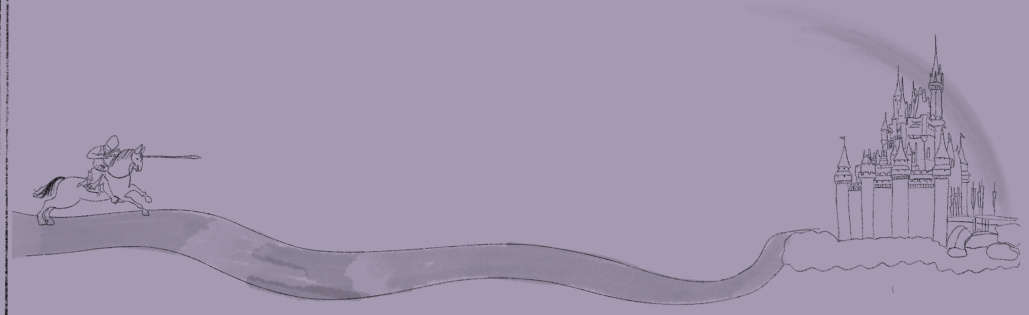
Cover art by Simone Badaruddin

Table of Contents

3.....Tyler Ramos
4.....Kaitlyn Cafarelli
9.....Tahoe Mack
10.....Tyler Ramos
13.....Nick Anthony
17.....Lucy Murrell
18.....Marin Neuhard
21.....Sophie Glad
22.....Tony Hooks
25.....Tahoe Mack
29.....Courtney McCall
31.....Autumn Jing
35.....Paige Wells
37.....Autumn Jing
41.....Connor Kohanzo
57.....Sophie Glad
58.....Tony Hooks



Letter from the Editor

The Lore Issue has it all. Your tales from the deep, stories from the other side and the other night, the legend of Over the Hedge, and fantasic art of course. This will be the cap of the 22-23 school year and my run will be coming to an end. All I have is love and apprecation for all of the amazing illustrators, poets, sculptors, journalists, dancers, painters, essayists, puzzlers, critical thinkers, and open books for contributing!

Imagine I'm at the top of a mountian, crying and screaming, heart breaking from my chest. As a tear rolls down my face I capture it to place in a box and seal it with a kiss. That box I will carry to the end of the known universe and hand it off to the alien being that will bestow it upon the most amazing, beautiful, smart, hilarous, giving, creative, and super fucking chill people in the world. This team makes the dream come true and can really slam down a fat slice of pizza on a Tuesday. We have made some good stuff ladies.

I believe I've ended each letter with "this is a good one," so this is a real good one, have a nice read.

Paige

Choose your

own adventure

ijo, Mijo

There's the sun and abuelo's hands.
Both burning with age,
and tender enough
to create something.

Here, mijo.

The hammer is in my hands.
The wooden mantle we're building
has a small cross—a small man
hanging, impossibly,
by his wrists.

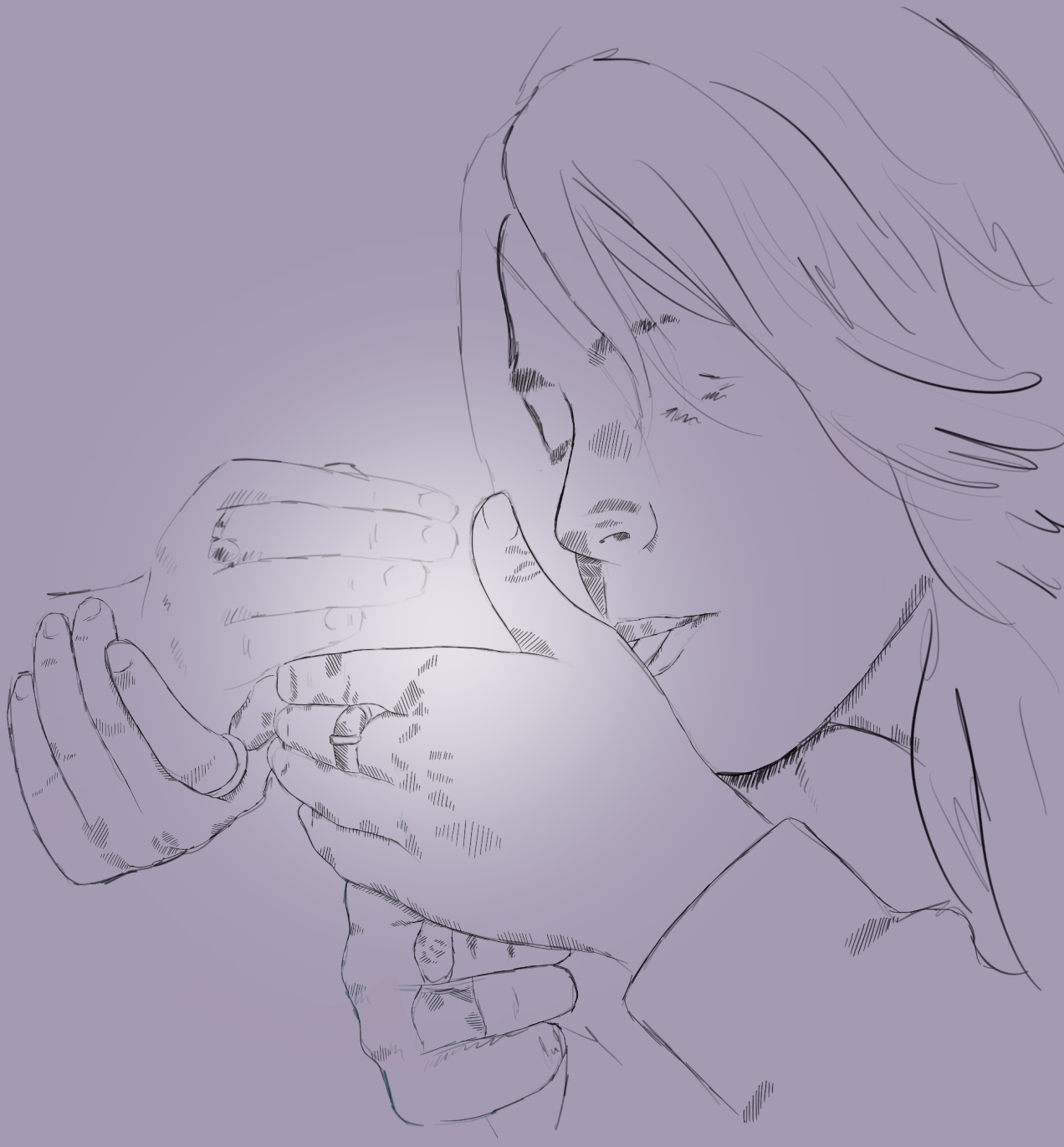
I strike the nail in his feet.
Abuelo bows his head,
And the gold overhead
drowns us.

I don't understand surrender.
There is only the house Abuelo built,
the kitchen he cooks in,
and the table
he taught me to pray at.

I hand the hammer back to him:

Abuelo, I don't think I believe in God.
Mijo, mijo.
He reaches out to me, his hand trembling.

Tyler Ramos



Kaitlyn Cafarelli

Question:

What's the funniest bad thing that has ever happened to you?

When I was 13, I was trying to be cool and tough, so on the way out of a pasture I latched onto the back of a flat bed truck and hung off the side. I then lost my grip, fell onto a cow, and broke my arm. Then after 2 days I went to the local hospital in that town, where I had to take both a pregnancy test and drug test. At 13.

I had just moved into my first house independently and within three days I flooded my entire room and my downstairs neighbors living room. I was trying to hang up a shelf and it ended up being crooked, so I took the nail out of the wall and water started SPEWING out, probably a six feet clearance horizontally. Lesson learned to check out the blueprints in your new place and make sure you're not putting screws in water pipes. Mind you, the water was sprinkler water. So it had been sitting stagnant for who knows how long. It was yellow. And stained all of my brand new things. Went down in history amongst my room-mates and I for sure

Tahoe Mack

un Eyes

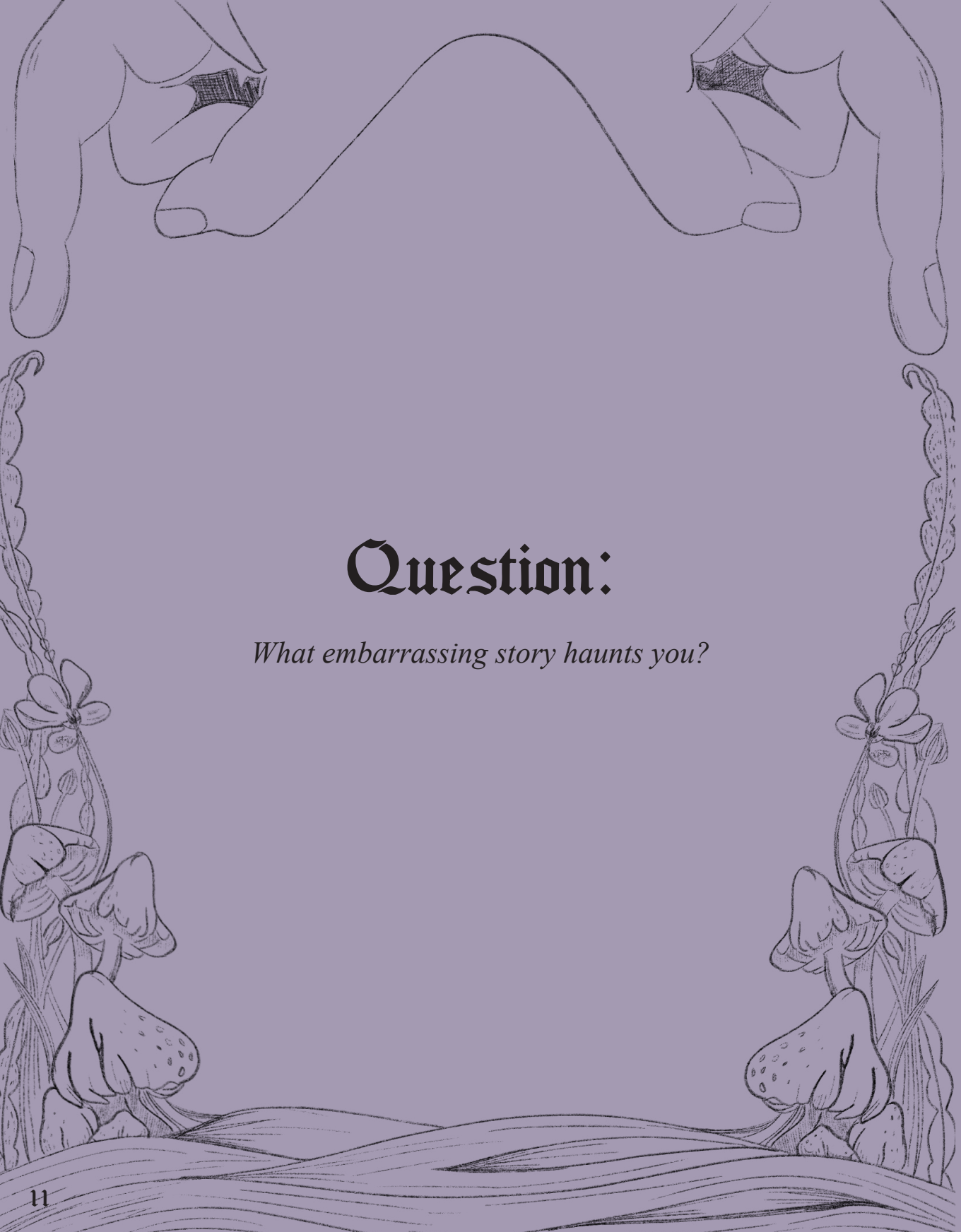
The sun must end somewhere.
Tell us all goodnight
and slip past
the edge of evening.

What eyes does it close?
I've never seen sun eyes.
No glaring, burning stare
to wake me.

Maybe there, behind the mountains,
under the blue-black stream,
above the quiet pines,
trembling in sunset.

They're there—
near yesterday's memory,
near the yearning body
of goodbye,
near the sweet release
of the day's tears.

Tyler Ramos



Question:

What embarrassing story haunts you?

Broke my arm playing kickball trying to impress my crush in elementary school

Having to be undressed by my roommate after a night out. Self explanatory.

Laughing so hard that I farted and it was on the hard wood floor so it rumbled and it was in front of two girls when I was a kid while we were playing "sorry!"

I pissed my pants during my volleyball game and just sat on the floor. there was a whole puddle and i escaped and was like 'how did that get there???'

I was running on a treadmill in a packed Big 5 and face planted trying to jump off of it in front of everyone

The Siren of Dubrovnik

Further down the beach leaned a bar or beach house of sorts, jutting out towards the sea awkwardly perpendicular, awkwardly bright, and awkwardly noisy in the otherwise quiet evening. A wedding had taken place here, earlier in the foreign afternoon, and its aftermath would surely continue late into the night. Folding chairs littered uneven beach; the arbor, draped in gorgeous roses and white tulips, still stood defiantly, scowling at the abandoned scene. An enormous yacht floated just barely in sight, far towards the bay's maw into the Adriatic, lit up with jovial wealthy partygoers; in the distance the sloped silhouettes of Srđ and the Dinaric Alps loomed, jointly with the endless gulf trapping the small city of Dubrovnik in a narrow strait between unlivable height and unlivable depth. The nightscape burst and bloomed at every opportunity– the stench of the sea, battling the hazy musk of the island flora, the silence of the night-time grasping into autumnal space, the lights of the Tuđman Bridge a bright bastion in the dusk surrounded and overwhelmed by encroaching darkness– profoundly aware of its confinement between land and sea, compensating for its lack of vastness with an all-encompassing richness. The whole bay was shimmering. At the beach's tail stood a dock, flanked by long-forgotten wood dinghies whose faded, sea-beaten paint implied names but did not show them. A laughing couple sat on its edge, their legs dancing with the breeze, her hair down, his tie loosened. Beams from the dock's lights projected themselves onto that great blank black canvas, lazily dancing with the tide to a slow, jazzy rhythm. I swayed there, following the gentle slosh of the waves, while the crickets' chorus, muted by the booming bass from the wedding party, continued its slow march towards morning.

Eventually, the music from the beach house began to slow – a ballad, the last song of the night. A light started to flicker, at another dock far to my right, in a strange, mesmerizing pattern – while the beat of the lapping waves, deafening now the party down the beach had ended, led me fuguely into a dream. I could feel every sedated heartbeat, hear every eager breath and with every pore touch all the cardinal whims of the wind, but my body was no longer mine. The moment was alive!

Without thought, I stepped greedily toward the sea, and with every clumsy plod over the rocks, with every degree my neck craned upwards, the picture grew, devouring all around it, every star's light competing with the next to hold more space in the frame. My feet broached the surf, deathly freezing but warm, numbing, offering to rip the blinds away; the moment's melody seeped into my soul like a poison.

Almost instantly I found myself submerged up to my torso; my feet, losing feeling, dragging as if being unwillingly forced further downward, clinging to smooth rocks, inevitably slipping on their thin film of slime. My breath had surely been taken, but I was sure now it was not the magnificence of the scene that had done so – my lungs were rejecting air, refusing to inhale despite my heaving wheezes. Water creeped up to the neck; my tepid struggles went unnoticed, legs still mindlessly lumbering deeper into the black tide. The sway of the sea brought salty brine into my mouth agape, but my body refused to reject it, sticking to my throat, birthing tidepools under my tongue. My head sank below the surface, and I was engulfed.

I was in the womb; I could not feel my body for the chill that had frozen my nerves. I could not tell if my eyes were open or closed for the piercing blackness that lay before me. But even as the water flooded down my throat, into my lungs and surged through my stomach, my soul still danced with that same euphoria, my mind still gripped, caressed, held hostage by a gentle captor.

Only as my vision began to dim and my soaring heart slowed did I see her, reaching towards me from above. A not-woman, an angel apparent, feathery wings as brilliant as the sun and her tail, a resplendent, captivating tapestry, descending – to seize me up, to save me. She tore through the waves face-first, her ancient eyes glowing with pure elation. How beautiful, I mused, that she could take such joy in helping another. Abruptly, she ceased her descent and spun, twisting her chimeric body, circling. The shoreline was far behind me, my legs still stuck in an endless march, trodding untethered by oxygen; I floundered deep beneath the water. My gasping brain silently begged her to take me, pull me up so I could see the Balkan night again, let my gaze laze between its endless points of wonder, to fall under its spell again. Her smile deepened, as if she understood. The creature plunged, violently pulling herself downward with primal abandon, and my world began to tumble into sleep. Her timing was perfect, I realized, if she was here to collect.

Nick Anthony

Question:

Where's the most strange place you've taken a leak?

Probably either on a grave or the side of the church that was a part of my high school.

Victoria's Secret dressing room when I was 12

Outside of a frat house, on the sidewalk. Involuntarily.

Off the side of a trampoline in a stranger's backyard

on the front lawn of a frat house

Trofts at stadiums

this one time I pee'd in a volcano in Guatemala

your moms mouth

ine Block

Mysteries of my youth do not defend me from the sharpness of being twenty, the particularity of placing my palms on beating shoulders, or the desire for orange juice after five o'clock. I seek distance from the family home, its persistence prevails and I am sucked down the drain—something about the baby and the bathwater. I tease out metaphors like my mother used to tease the knots out of my hair—poorly. We do not talk about the burning heart that I hold. We do not ask who lit the match, or why, or when it might be appropriate to extinguish it. I harbor the secret that I like that sensation of flame in palm—pain and red. Instead of counting sheep, I taught myself to look for a string of ants, toeing up the wall. In the moment before my eyes adjust to the rich thickness of midnight, I see only a line of black paint, sliding up—inverted gravity—and then, at once, the collective inching of bulbous bodies—individuation becomes a handle. I rub at the bumps on my arms, pretending they're injection sites—Would morphine feel like ants carrying a line up the wall? I think: my blood already feels like that, when I take notice. Contemplating my place as the oldest, I consider how my parents, both the youngest, raised me—I tell myself that an hour makes a difference.

Lucy Murrell

Marin Neuhard

Question:

What is the weirdest date you've been on?

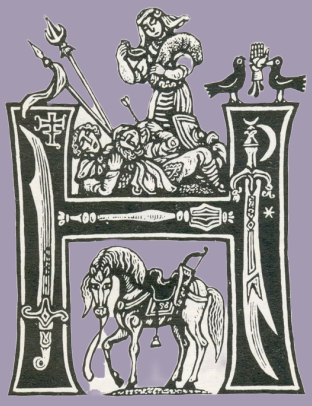
The guy ate raw meat infront of me at Korean bbq then offered me some

*Not necessarily weird, although one time I went on a ramen date with a guy and the situationship I had *just* ended it with happened to be sitting at the table across from us. Safe to say I nearly barfed up that ramen.*

This girl got me crazy high and took me to Ethiopian food, ordered for me, and tried to hand feed me dinner. Afterwords, she took me to a park and sang to me in German. . . He showed up drunk, high, and tripping when we first met…. Definitely not the ideal circumstances.

They slowly tore up TWO of my squish balls from Hiron's Fidget City section over the course of the night and was actually really upset.

went to the sewer



ouse Fire

There's a burning house on Palisades,
And it's been there now for years.

We don't live there anymore, but
Sometimes I drive by and see the

Flames that grow there, year after year,
Enduring time like a folk song.

At age eight, in that house, I first
Learned to fear the world,

Of our accidental slips that lead to
The violent tricks it plays on us

Vehemently, in return for our lack
Of consummate consideration.

But what could I consider at eight?
Everything that might happen or

Might not, from Revelations to
The Big One to losing my favorite doll,

I read that it was good yet saw that
No, it's not all good, at all.

The can-happen became will-happen and
The might-not to definitely-won't,

I learned to count my blessings but
Counted my fears with every finger.

And still to be considered, though, were the
Little-kid-love-wishes, then ten years later

Finding that heart in the blackberry brambles
And the gravel scattered in the tennis court lot,

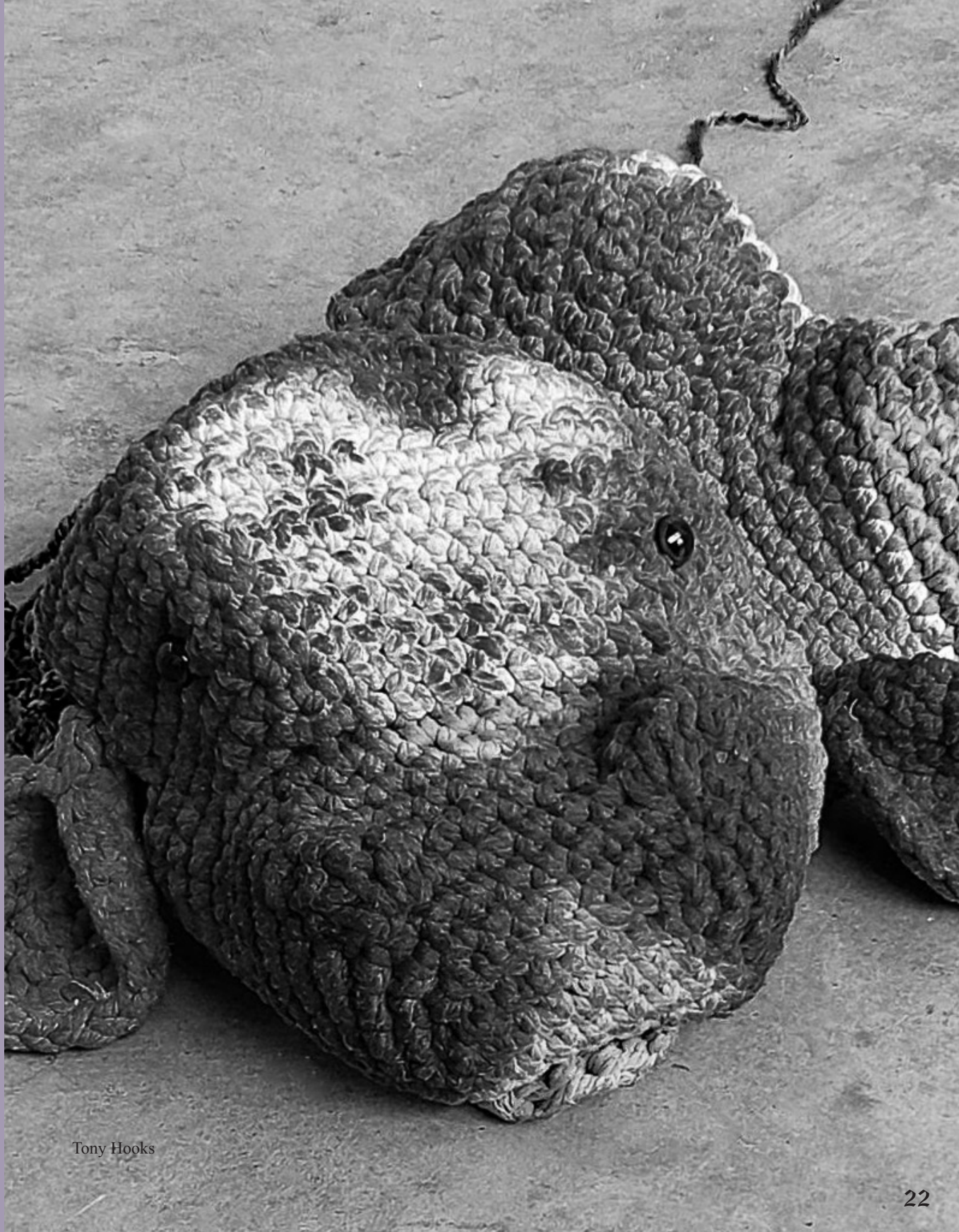
In an untouched house's annex warmed
Underneath a bittersweet summer's sun,

Even if that ripe heart was to become a pit,
Eaten and spit back into the flame again.

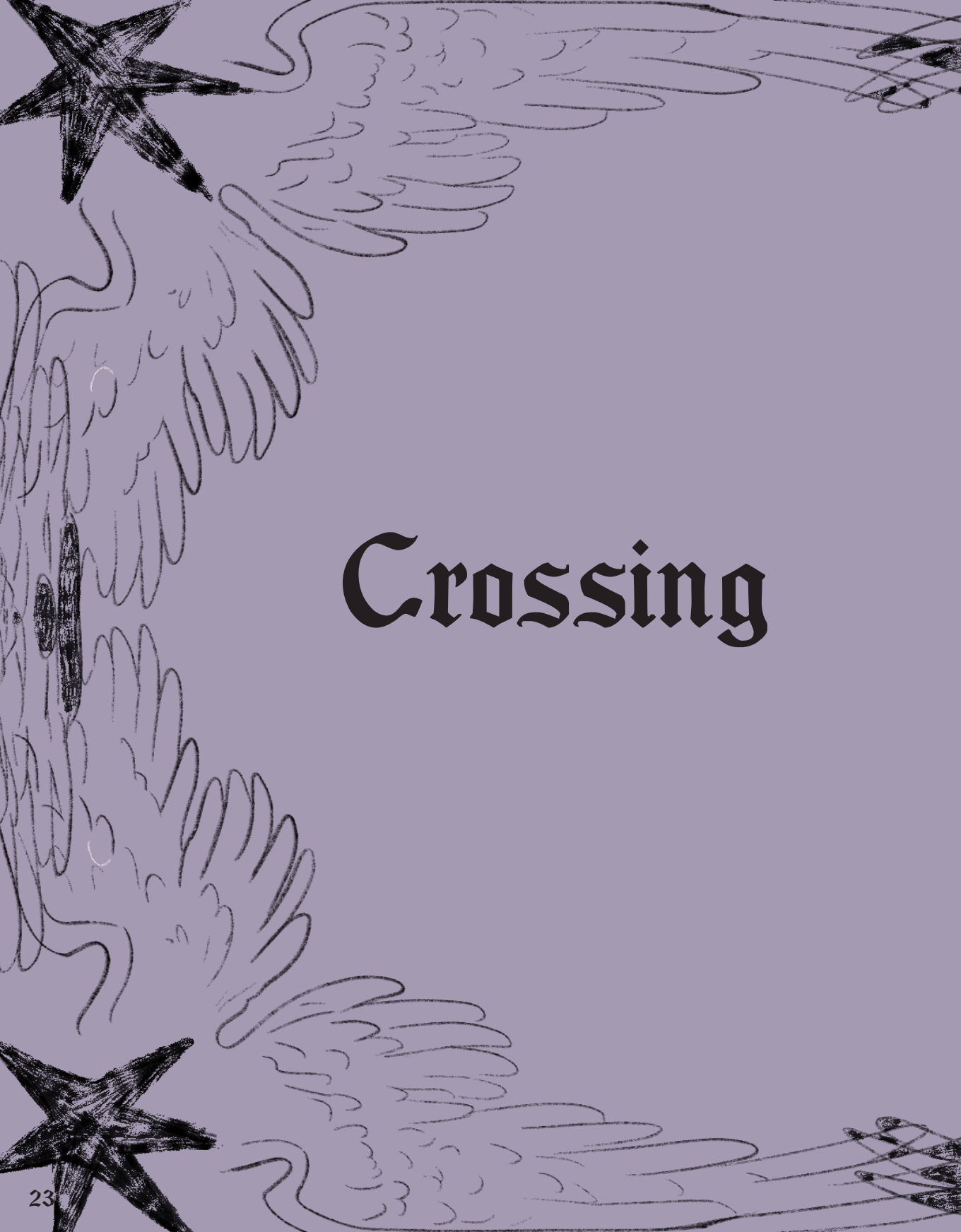
And still yet to be considered now is how
Amazing it is, what a moment of soft sand

And a briefly held hand can do for a mind
Still relentlessly caught in the house fire.

Sophie Glad

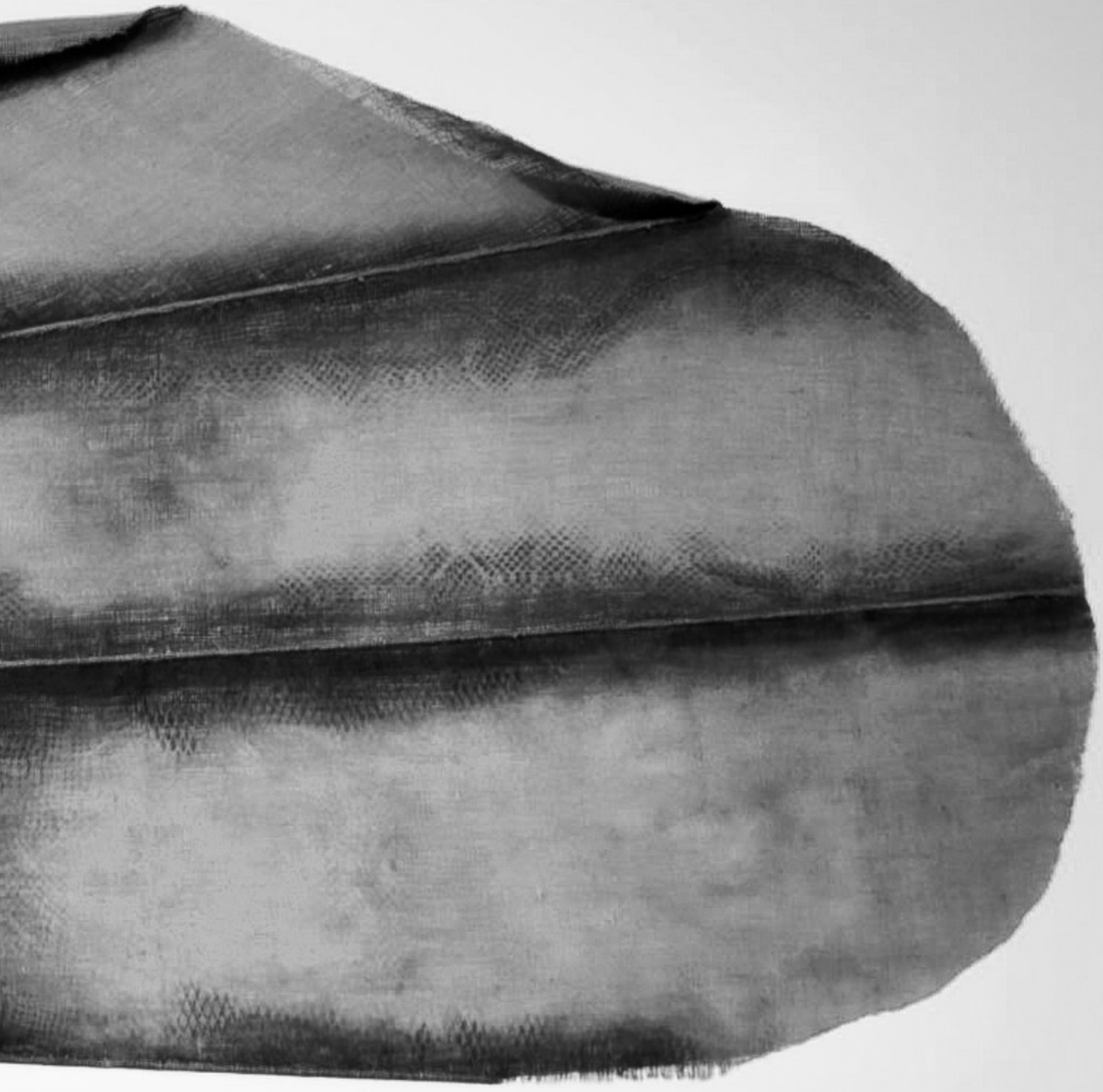


Tony Hooks



Crossing

the threshold



Tahoe Mack

Question:

Tell us a story about something that happened to you at a Eugene bar

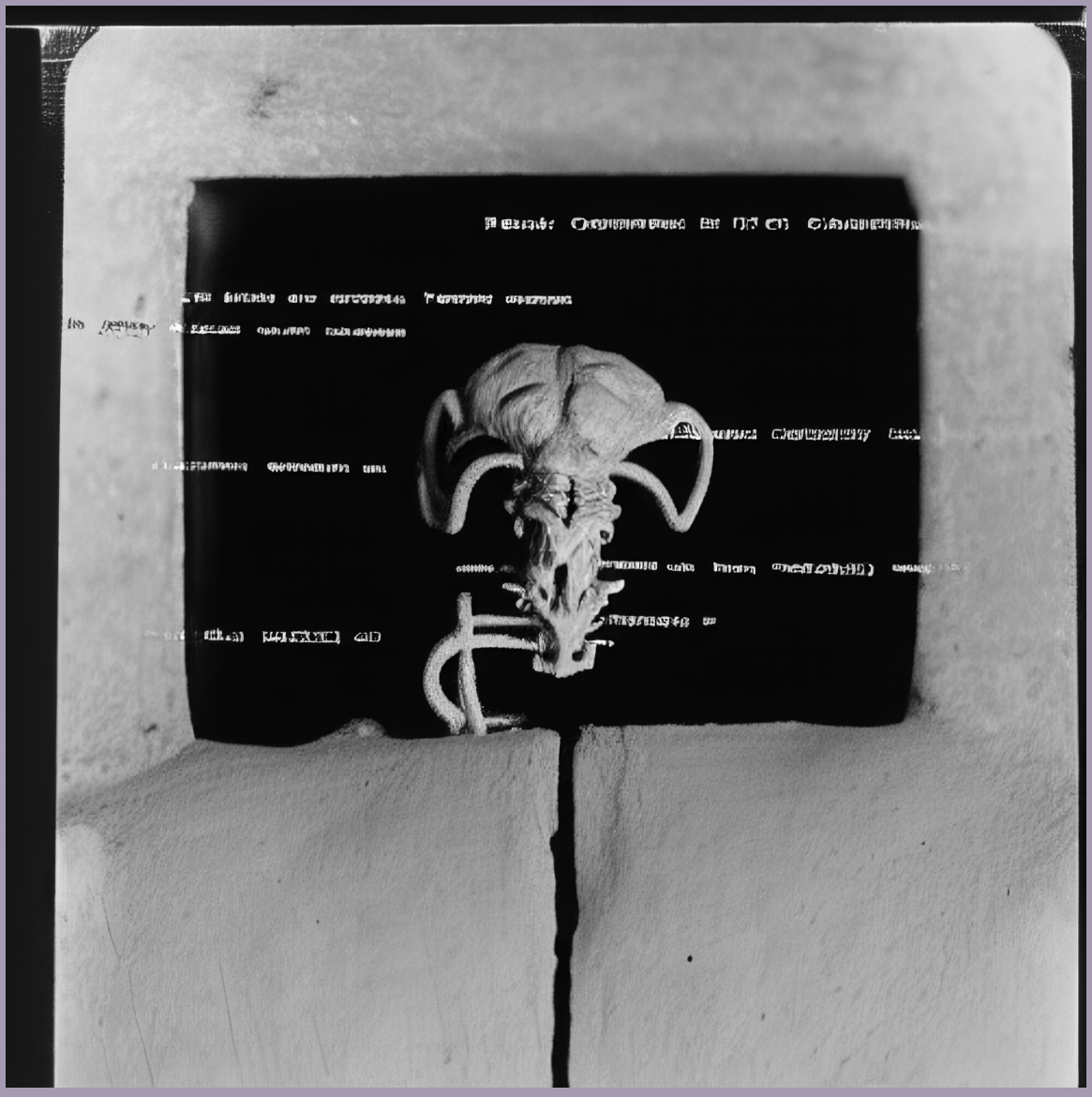
Saw a homeless guy pee on pedestrians

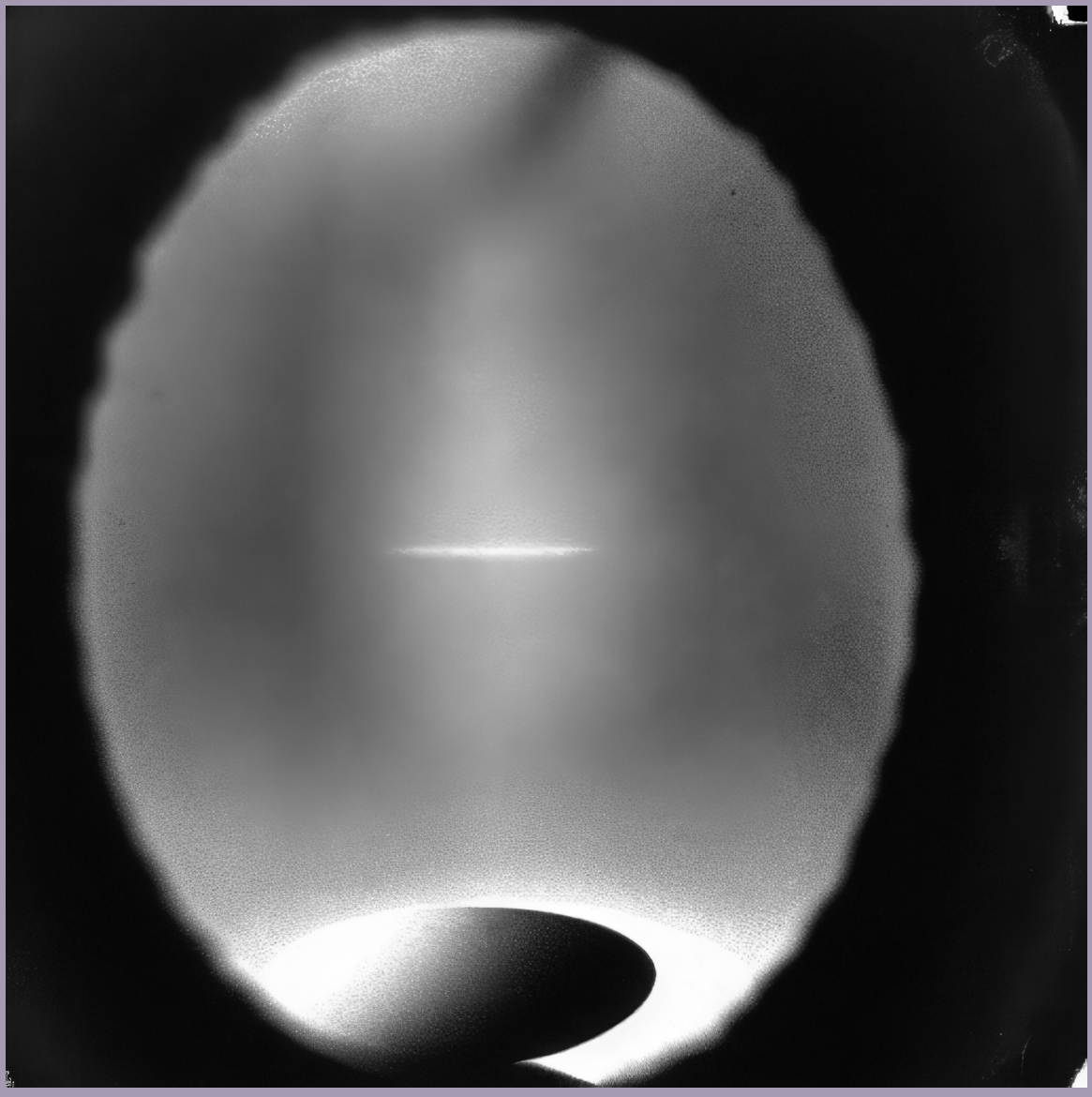
I was so intoxicated that I ate someone's leftover tater tots at Rennie's.

My girlfriend's ex came in and asked to eat my tater tots while I was sitting right there with my girlfriend. I told him no and then watched him lose pool for an hour while laughing at him and eating my tots

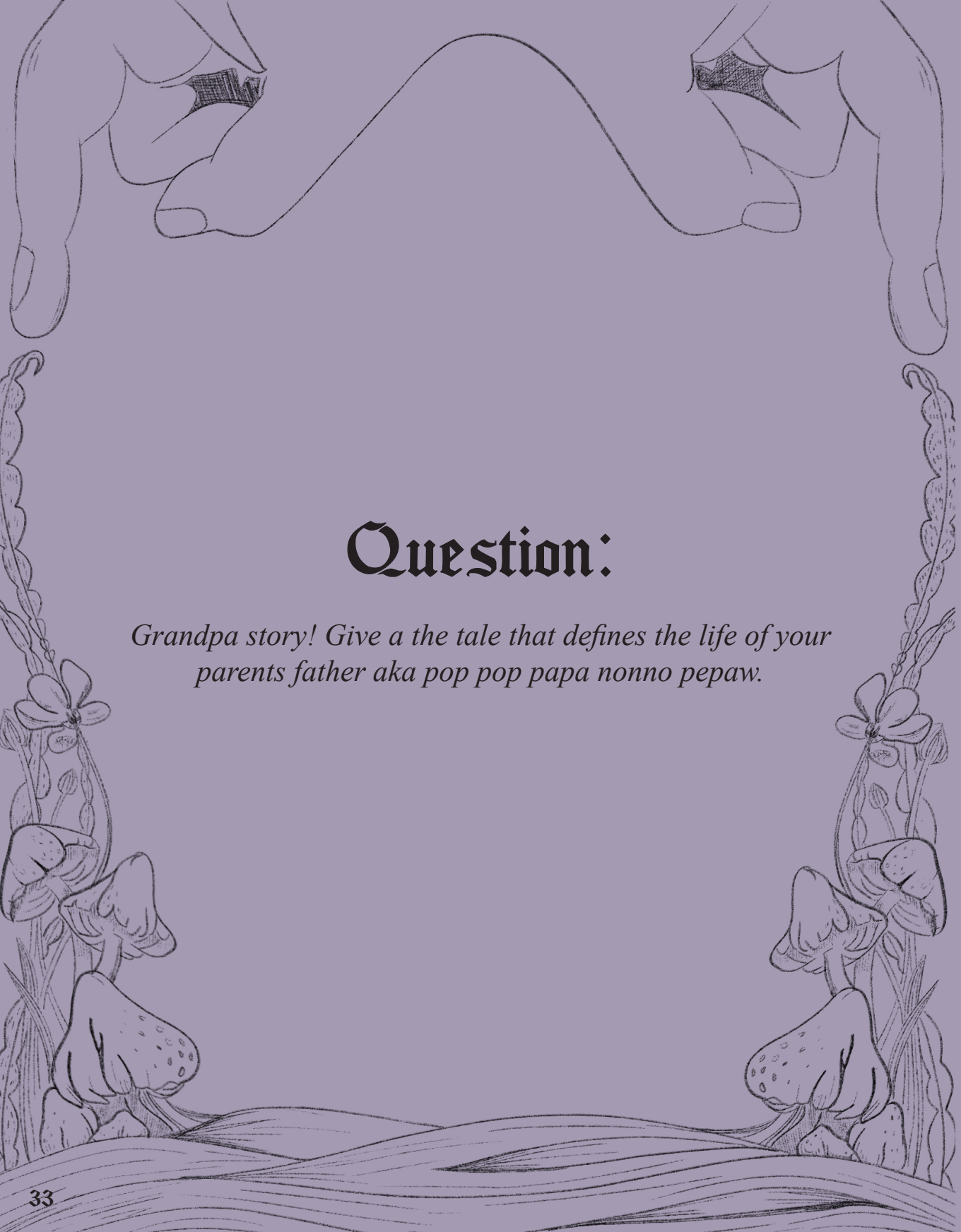
DIRTY SHIRLEYS!!!!!!

Courtney McCall





Autumn Jing



Question:

Grandpa story! Give a the tale that defines the life of your parents father aka pop pop papa nonno pepaw.

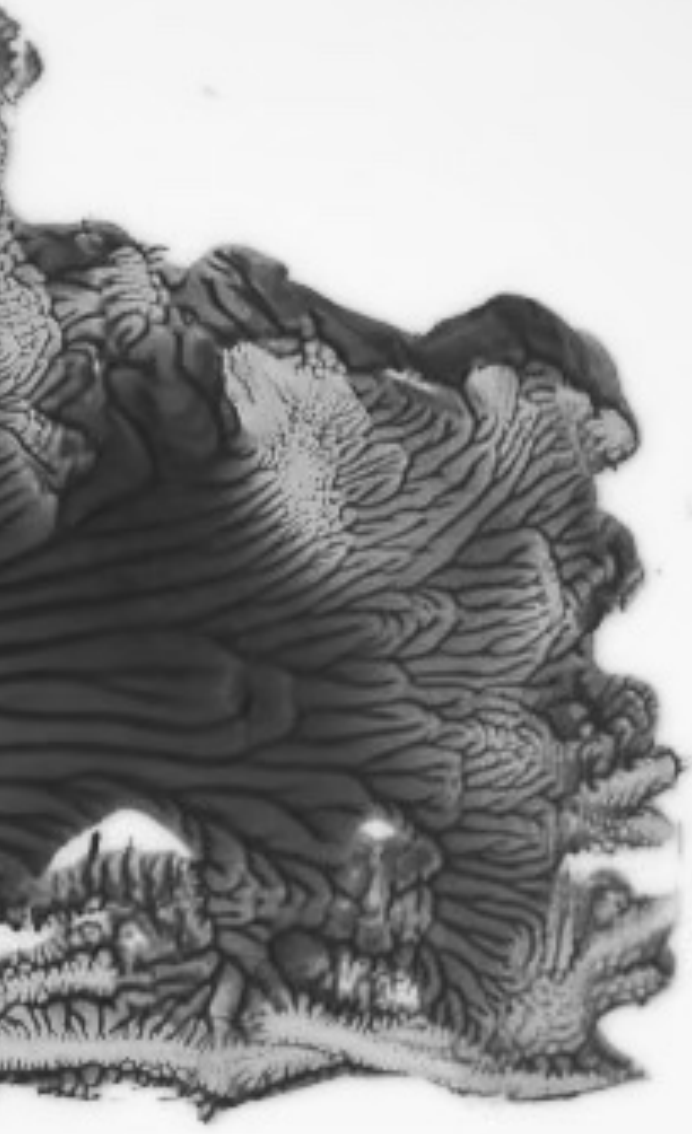
My Papa J has dropped sharp metal rods on his head and super glued it shut probably 4 or 5 times. He also built himself wooden molars because he didn't want to go to the dentist, and once those started growing mold he made new ones out of metal. He is so insanely southern that any time we are out of the south, I have to translate for my friends what he's saying. He also built haunted houses in his garage with him and all his friends. They had one room that was the operating room where he threw chicken guts and pig intestines at little kids. But he's my best friend in the whole world and the absolute greatest person to walk this earth

.

Uhhmmmmm they are dead.

My mom's dad got an above ground pool for his backyard and we used it exactly once, but I remember him telling my mom that it was all worth it to see us grandkids having so much fun

Death. Only met one. We would play card games and if I did well he would get mad and cheat. Cool guy tho, loved him.



Paige Wells

Autumn Jing

Question:

Have you ever met a famous person? Who was it and what happened in those fleeting moments?

I ran into Adam Sandler in hawaii

No

Met post Malone.. and I will NEVER let it go. Contrary to popular belief he smells very nice. He is one of the kindest celebrities I've ever met. If he hadn't been on a date I definitely would have awkwardly shooted my shot

I met Moto Moto from Madagascar and let me tell you what….I was not disappointed. The first time I tried surfing I nose dived on the beach and cried a lot according to my parents (I was 4 or 5), and I looked up and saw this beautiful women with white blonde hair on the balcony of the home next to us and stopped crying. Apparently it was Christina Aguilera and she was there because the person who owned the house was the director for the Voice when she was a coach in it and would routinely give the house out to the stars of the show.

i met jack black at six flags. i was in the line for the bathroom and he came out and i fist bumped him and he said scadoosh

Connor Kohanzo

The Ordeal in the abyss;

facing the shadow self

This or

Learning the deep intricacy of my family history

Midevil

Rhombus

Magic the Gathering

Woman in space with 100 tampons

Boner

Crying in the wind

Chauves

Making your teachers laugh

That

Freezing your eggs

Maxevil

Square

Dungeons and Dragons

5 pairs of underwear for a sleepover

A Boneyard IPA

Open mouth kiss

Pirogies

Leaving period stains on the plasic chair that we shared in 8th grade

Question:

Were you horse lover as a kid? If not, what did you hyper-fixate on?

nah no horses. I really liked SpongeBob tho

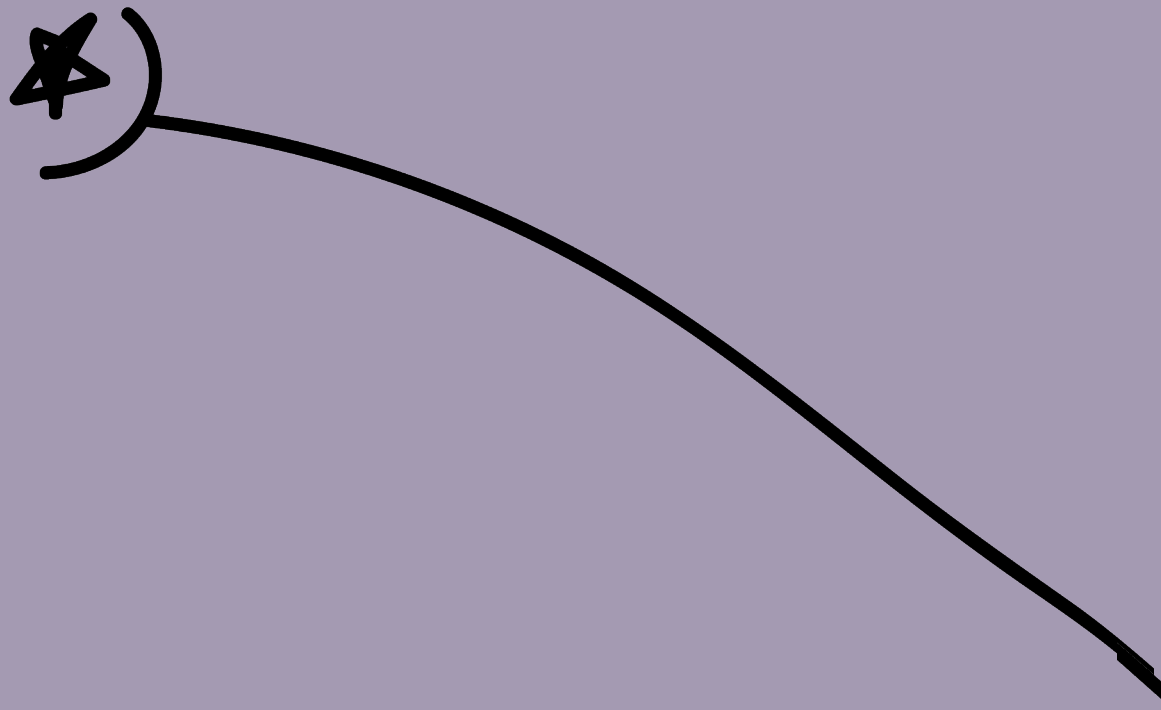
I played Animal Jam for years past I probably should've been playing it. Sat at the family computer for HOURS.

Kinda, I wasn't OBSSESSED, but my first WebKinz was a horse, and I always wanted to ride horses every time there was an opportunity (on vacation or whatever)

i was. i had a book with all kinds of horses and stickers and stuff

I was so into horses as a child (we owned four) that I refused to brush my hair. Like… if horses didn't have to brush their hair then why should I. This went on for like months and my parents just let this phase happen. It got so bad that my hair had started to dreadlock. I started pretending to like horse treats and after eating one I threw up. After that my parents decided that this horse obsession needed to calm down.

My favorite horses are from Fenton's Stables and Horse Ranch



He's pretty but he sweats too much

Jeggings disrespect

Driving to Corvallis

Human bone jewelry

Bad person playing magic

Dystopian setting, no tampons

Addicted to birth control pills

Squinting in the sun

No Respect

Respect

Free midevil fonts

Kewpie baby

Rat tails and mullets

Crying with your ass out

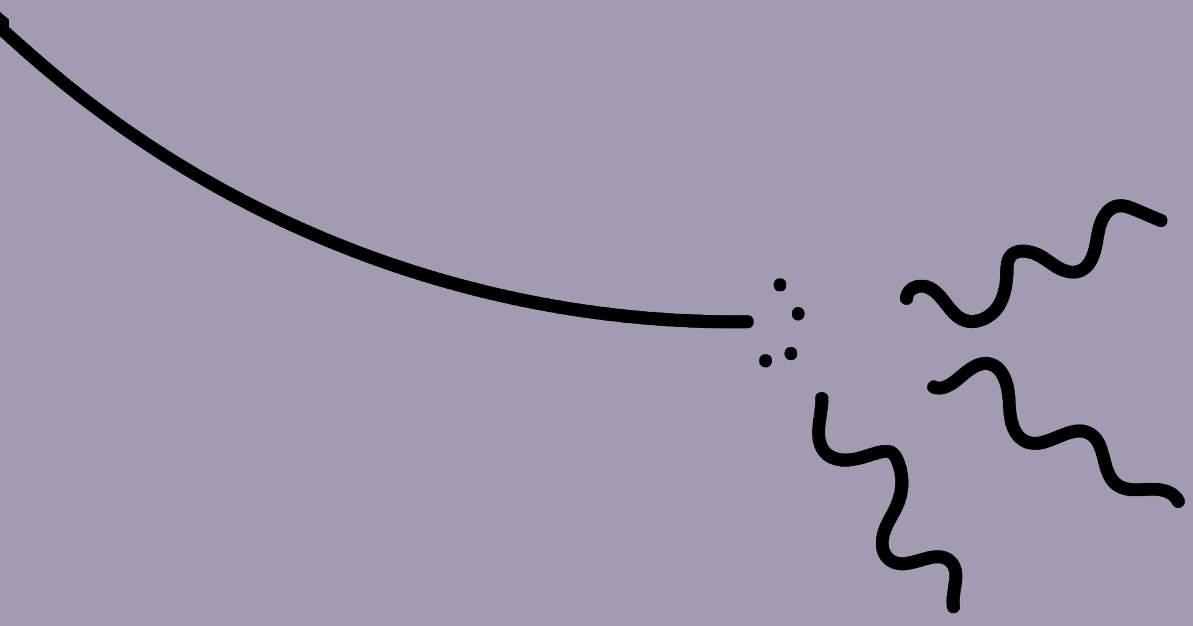
Silver foxes

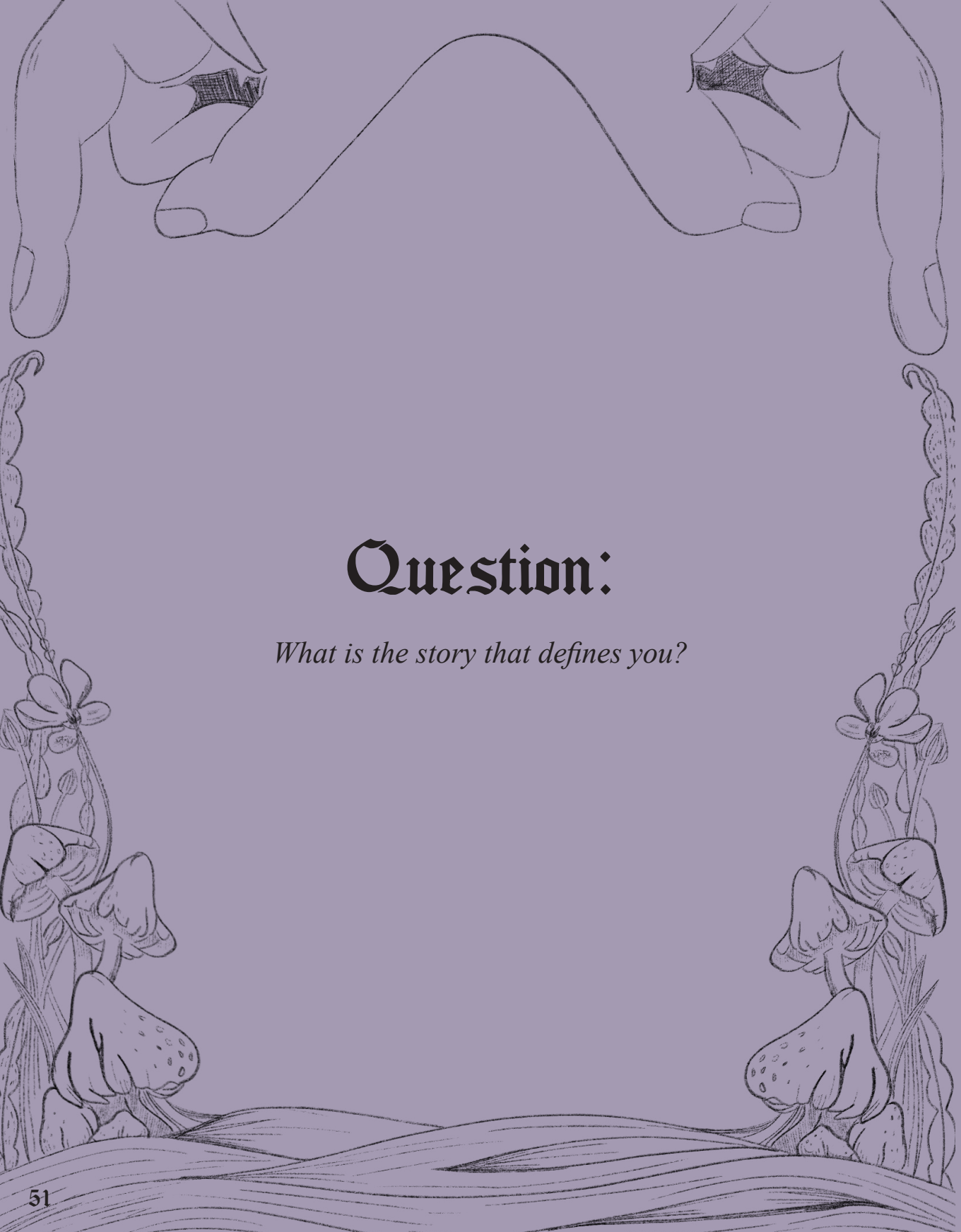
Envelopes

The woman in me

Free bleeding

War movies





Question:

What is the story that defines you?

My roommate and I shared a passionate smooch in front of the homophobic jesus preachers on campus mwah

I love eating pussy, thats my story

The day that i moved into the freshman dorms I arrived there first. I had made myself at home by eating a bag of trail mix on my desk. When my new roommate first arrived she had to immediately use her epi pen cause I sent her into anaphylactic shock

Today is when my book begins. The rest is still unwritten. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Word Search

S	T	A	S	T	R	A	L	F	I	B	R	E	T	G	A	B
M	I	L	U	R	A	G	N	O	P	A	E	M	A	H	D	I
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LORE
UNICORN
MAGIC
LEGENDARY
MYSTERY
GNOME

WIZARD
IMMORTAL
DRAGON
GHOST
FOLKLORE
FAIRY

TROLL
MERMAID
MYTHICAL
PEGASUS
FANTASTICAL
BEAUTY

Road

back
home

Beyond the Hedge

by Sophie Glad

Oregon Voice takes a journey watching the 2006 classic, Over the Hedge.

Some of us love it, some of us hate it, but we all know it: the critically acclaimed, star-studded animation film about friendship and exploitation, Over the Hedge. Alas, this is no movie review, nor will it be a plot synopsis– that's what Google is for. In this piece we will be diving into what lies beyond the hedge: the magic that's made by watching a movie with your friends.

What are the ingredients for that magic, you ask? Let me tell you. Our team at Oregon Voice decided we needed an evening away from the grueling work that is producing a magazine, and so we turned to Over the Hedge. Our editor in chief, Paige, supplied us with the surprisingly sumptuous movie theater room in her apartment complex. The five of us made a quick detour to Market of Choice for movie snacks before diving into a night of film. Simone, Tahoe, and I opted for the classic grocery store sushi, while Paige chose a ready-made sandwich and a rack of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

A wrench was thrown in the works when we ran into difficulty getting the projector to work. How many Oregon Voice editors does it take to turn on a movie properly? The answer is still unknown. After about an hour's worth of perseverance, we accepted defeat and moved on to our next best option, Paige's own personal projector. By stacking a combination of boxes on top of a garbage can, we were able to make a platform tall enough for the projector to sit on so that the visuals being projected just barely reached most of the screen. The quality? Not great. C'est la vie.

We laughed, we almost cried, we discussed Vern's multi-faceted character arc, and together we immersed ourselves in what was beyond the hedge. The music of Ben Folds had us entranced in spite of our low-quality viewing of such a high-quality film. At the end of the day it's not the movie you watch that's important, but it's the memories made and the lore created that really matter.

Sophie Glad

Tony Hooks